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#### A Reverie.

Only a pebble, washed on the shore, Shaken by the Ocean's sullen moan,-Weak and small, Helpless all,

In the wide hollowness of its home: On Creation's face, Only a pebble!

Only a blade of grase, upward growing, Pointing a finger to the stars,-Tremblingly,

For you and me, Pointing a finger up to the stars : In the space of God, Only a blade of grass!

Only a thought, a thought of death,-For the time will come, and the day, The cold

And mold, The decay and crumbling away: In eternity of mind, Only a thought!

## A BRAVE WOMAN.

Some few autumns ago the rector of a little seaside parish sat conning his books in the quiet of his own study.

Mr. Fergusson was puzzled over his work, bothered by it in fact; finally, he sought assistance of his wife, who sat opposite to him, busily knitting children's socks.

"I shall be glad when we get rid of this money we are keeping for our people," he said, as he replaced the bags which he had been examining. "I am so unused to having such a sum as £70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shall never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to £200 a year so long now, that I should feel out of my element with a larger income."

"By the bye," he continued, after a "was not Sarah to come home

"Not till to-morrow. She wanted one more day to see a sailor brother who was coming home. I think I shall not keep Sarah any longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways. I did not know so well when I engaged Sarah what a bad character her family bore; one brother has been in prison twice."
"All the more reason for keeping this

girl safe from evil influence. You shouldn't be too hasty, Kate; you are a dear little soul, but, like all women, you judge too impulsively, and— Who's that, I wonder?"

A heavy step passed the window, fol-lowed by a ring at the hall bell. Mrs. Fergusson opened the study door as Jane, their elder servant, passed down the stairs, candle in hand.

Jane soon returned with a large, damp The message was from the rector's

brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and ran thus:

-my father anxiously expects you."
The rector kissed his wife and children and was soon on his way to his

brother's home. Jane and her mistress looked two very lonely and deserted females indeed, as they stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the wheels. "Come, Jane, this will never do, said her mistress at last, wiping some raindrops and drops of another nature

from her face. "Let us see that all the doors and windows are fast! Get your supper, and come and tell me when you are ready for bed.'

Then she herself re-entered the study and sat down to collect her thoughts somewhat after the hurry and turmoil of the last half hour.

This illness of her father-in-law: would be relent at the last, and let her husband share his property with his other children? Differences arising out of John Fergusson's marriage with a dowerless woman, fomented by petty family jealousies, strengthened by the independent attitude the young man had assumed-such differences had been, after all, the heaviest grief of Mrs. Fergusson's married life. now she wondered and pondered on them, till the clock on the chimneypiece struck the hour of ten and startled

her out of her meditations. It seemed to the mistress of the house that she had slept so long that morning must be near, when she awoke with an inexplicable feeling of fright-a feeling of something, or some one, close by

"What is it?" she cried, starting up in the bed, and instanctively catching

the sleeping child in her arms. No answer. Only a distinct sound of breathing,

and then a movement like a hand feeling along the wall-towards her. She began to tremble violently; noth-

ing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom saved her from faint-"Who is it?" she cried, her voice

so shaking and hollow that it awakened Ruth, who clung to her, sleepy and

This time she had answer.

"We will do you no harm," a voice spoke out of the darkness, "if you give up that money you've got;" and then, before Mrs. Fergusson could muster courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently, added in a rough undertone, "And tell her

to look sharp about it, too !"
"Two of them! O God, help me!" she whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs. 'Keep that brat quiet," angrily muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep us here all night."

Now surely if ever a woman was in a miserable plight, Mrs. Fergusson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Hollands', a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help her, for Jane, who worked hard by day, slept hard by night, and slept moreover in a queer little room at the very top of the house: all alone-worse than alone, utterly helpless, and a woman who confessed to the usual feminine share of cowardice. Still, she drew her breath, and there flashed from her heart a cry for help; and then, for a few brief moments, she thought—thought with all her mind and soul—Was there any way for her out of this?

And her reason told her there was

"Come," said the voice in her own room, "I'm a good tempered chap enough, but my mate's in a hurry: don't provoke him. Look alive, and tell us where to find the swag—money! She groaned and shook, and all her

limbs turned cold as the voice drew nearer and nearer; and at the last words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then, further to torment her, came the thought that once this money were gone there would be none to meet the people with—the people who had saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year! Heavy drops ran down her shaking form; her hands turned numb and her lips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a bell-louder, louder-till it deaf-

"I'll find a way to make her speak," growled the second voice; "here's another kid in this room." Then in one other kid in this room." instant a thin streak of light shot across the landing, and the next-

"Mother, mother, mother!" shrieked Rosie's voice; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, clasping one child, mad to protect the other.

"Silence, you fool!" said the man by her, speaking harshly for the first time. "You'll drive that fellow yonder

You'll drive that fellow yonder to do the child a mischief, if you won't do as I tell you. Keep down, won't you?" For she was struggling wildly to pass him, to get across the room to Rose—Rosie, whose cries were sounding strangely stifled. "Look here, if you don't give up this game, by the Lord, he'll knock you on the head, if I don't." And clasping one wrist like a vice, the man held her fast, while with the other hand he turned on the light from a small lantern slung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowly, as fearing whom she might see; but there was little enough visible of the burglar's face—a wide hat, a thick reddish beard, and a

"Hush, hush," she murmured to Ruth. "Mother will send them away; don't look at him." And she turned the baby's face towards herself; then raising her trembling voice, "Rosie, my darling, your mother is coming!"
But Rosie did not answer her. "O my
God!" she panted, and looked up wild-

"Mate," said her captor, loud enough for the other man to hear, "take your hand off that child's mouth if you aren't in a hurry to be strung up." The strange muffled sounds upon this broke out again into the old cry, "Oh, mother,

mother !" "Now," said the man, "one good turn deserves another. You're plucky enough for a woman, but I can't waste all the night talking to you;" and then he gave her a look that made her shiver from head to foot anew. "Bundle those two brats of yours into one bed, and come

and get us what we want." She seemed powerless now, and her very soul fainted within her as she fter the tall dark !figure over the

landing into Rosie's room "Oh, my child !" cried the poor woman, and essayed to run to the little bed where lay the small figure, pinioned down by the heavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her own captor.

"Hands off, missus," growled the ailer.

"Hands off now! Just put that other one in here along of this one, and I'll take and turn the key on 'em both, while you take us yonder to what we're lookin' after."

No choice again but to obey; two passionate kisses and a low "God keep you;" and between the two men she was marched from the room, followed by the children's pitiful cries, their wild frightened sobs.

She led them down the first short flight of stairs to the door which, as we have already said, was partly overhung with a curtain. This door opened into a room which had been used by Mr. Fergusson's predecessor as an oratory. The rectory had been built in the time of the late rector, and built consequently very much to suit his taste and

One more peculiarity of the room to note: the doors—for there were two-fastened with a spring on being pushed to, and could only be re-opened by a hand accustomed to the task, and they also were furnished with heavy bolts on the outside; one door opened on the landing; the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess at the further end, led into a bedroom which had been Mr. Fergusson's predecessor's, and whence he could get in and out of his favorite cratory at any hour of the day or night, as it pleased him.

Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour three, stood the strange trio-the muffled disguised men, the trembling white-faced woman.

But one of them carried a light, the

other had left his lantern outside. "Now," said the darker of the men

'here's the room, you say; we can fin-sh this business pretty quick."

The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the floor; in the lowest of these, at the back of it, Mr. Fergusson had laid the key.

She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once dragged out, with too much strength, for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned particular about mak-ing a noise, and bade their unwilling helper "shut that door." the spring catch securely beneath her hand, there suddenly flashed upon her a thought-a hope-a way of escape for herself, a way of saving yet that fatal

money. From the look the men had cast around the room, Mrs. Fergusson was sure they knew nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut the door," the man had said, and never so much as cast a look towards where was the other door, completely concealed in the shadow of the

pulse beating wildly, she furtively across the room; glanced

which told her that the further door stood unlatched

"O, Heaven help me, and give me time!" she prayed; but her hand shook so that it could scarcely obey her swift thought. Another moment, and she took in her exact position: the men stooping over the keys, the lamp on the floor, and the next she had flung her shawl over the lamp, darted across the floor, out into the room beyond, and

flung to the door with force.

Yet more to be done. She drew the bolts with frenzied speed, above, below—that way was safe; then, with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furi-ous captives beat at it from within; and then- Ah, then, poor thing, her fortitude forsook her, and a thousand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her.. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then, losing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the hall below.

Mr. Fergusson kad reached his nearest station in safety, had sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten o'clock

train to Fordham. The rain beat on the windows as the train flew along in the darkness, and presently a prolonged whistle told him that they were approaching a certain junction where he would have to wait

some ten minutes or so. Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from the opposite direction, from Fordham, now only fifteen miles distant; and some of its passengers had alighted and were making their way

past the line of carriages.

Looking out upon his fellow-travelers without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Fergusson caught sight of a face which he had little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his com partment, he sprang out and grasped the arm of a man very much like him-

self—in fact his own elder brother.
"George," he claimed, "were you going for me? Is my father worse?" "What on earth do you mean, and wherever did you spring from?" the answer he got, accompanied by a look of profound amazement.

"O, George," he said, with a gasp'
"did you not telegraph me this even
ing that my father had had antoher fit?"
"Most certainly I did not." "O, my wife, my wife!" said the clergyman; and then he staggered up to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in his hands. His brother saw the matter was serious; so he let

his own train pass on without resuming his journey, and was soon in possession of all the explanation John Fergusson could give.
"Porter," he asked, "what time does

the night-mail go through to Wheelborough?"
"1:25, sir," answered the man;
"reach Wheelborough 2:15."

The distance was five-and-twenty miles; the present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, bulf-nest class. half-past eleven.

" No help for it, John, we must wait for the down-train; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair, that would be ready to start this time of night and get us to Wheelborough before a quarter past two. Come, old fellow, cheer up; 'ts no use taking for granted everything

But George Fergusson thought in his own mind that matters looked black enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. He tried family matters-anything to pass away the time-in vain; his brother's mind was filled with overwhelming anxiety, his eyes peering up the line to catch the irst glimpse of the approaching train.
At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights creeping nearer and nearer, the minute's stoppage, and then off again homewards-homewards!-and he hegan to dread the moments he longed

At Wheelborough the two brothers struck out at once from the station on their five-mile walk; and, as they left the further outskirts of the town, the church clock chimed half-past two o'eloek.

George Fergusson could barely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half-crazy with excitement when he saw him lightly leap a ditch. and start running across a broken

"George," cried the rector, pointing to his own house, not a stone's-throw distant, "look at that light!" And hrough the long narrow window of the

oratory a light shone plainly.
"Great God, if we are too late!" The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the short remaining distance. A blow at the hall window, and their united force at the shutters within, and they made good their entrance to see—Kate Fergusson lying senseless on the floor; to hear the wailing and crying of children overhead; and a strange sound of low voices whispering and hands cutting away at wood-work.

Late indeed they were, but not too late. An outdoor bell, set clanging, soon called ready help from the village, while Jane, already roused by the sounds, but too frightened to venture from her room alone, busied herself

over her unconscious mistress. The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Fergusson a bite in the arm, the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives—that was "Rough Dick." "Gentleman Jim" turned sullen, and submitted to the force of numbers at the

last with a better grace.

When on their trial, two months later, "Gentleman Jim" peid Mrs. Ferusson several compliments, and politely assured the judge before whom they were tried that he esteemed it no disgrace to have been "trapped by such a brick of a woman !"

Home Again.-Santa Anna, who is seventy-six years old, is going to Mexshe could see—her sight quickened by the peril of the moment—she could see a faint thread of light on one side a faint thread of light on one side a faint thread of light on one side labeled to take no part in labeled the labeled to take no part in labeled to take

# Employment for Children.

The annual report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, just issued, contains many interesting statements concerning the employment of children. The report says that the Bureau had difficulty in obtaining answers to its letters of inquiry in a very large number of cases. Twenty-one towns, however, reported 1,830 children under ten employed, while twenty-eight more reported that such children were employed, but gave no numbers. Twentyeight towns reported 1,723 children from ten to fifteen employed, who had not received the legal amount of schooling, and twenty-nine towns reported children thus employed, but gave no numbers. These figures, in the opinion of the bureau, very inadequately represent the number of the children really employed. Quite a number of towns and cities have half time and evening schools. "Upon this subject of the education of mill children, says the report, "there can be but one opinion -that the matter is not attended to either by the State or local authorities; that legislation is needed to compel attendance, to punish illegal employment of children, and to provide proper schools for the instruction of operatives along with work. Personally," it continues, "we believe in the extremest legislation in this direction, and, could we have the power given us, we would not allow a girl under sixteen years of age to be employed in any kind of a factory or workshop. If she could be free till she reached the age of twenty, mankind would be the gainer. This is a physiological matter, and the result of our investigation of facts in this connection, and our careful consideration of this subject, leads us to express the hope that, if no other sub-ject connected with the labor question may be stopped in that way. Many physicians before him had produced is thought worthy of legislation, this may be selected for legislative study and action. No argument is necessary to convince people of the importance of giving the years under sixteen in a girl's life to the growth and development of her organization, on the healthy condition of which so much depends—her own health, happiness, and usefulness, not only to herself, but to those dependent upon her, either for care or sustenance.

General Jackson. The late Peter Hagner, for many years third auditor of the United States Treasury, appointed originally under Washington's Administration, and continuing in the Treasury Department until General Taylor's Administration, used to tell the following characteristic anecdote of President Jackson: "It seemed that some politician had been long making efforts to have Mr. Hagner removed to make place for himself. pressure is considerable; (2) it diminishes the circulation considerably, and may induce a profound state of years before, when General Jackson was in the army, refused to pass certain of his accounts, amounting to some \$15,000, for want of sufficient vouchers, which he had lost in an active campaign. Armed with this information he proached the General, and made the unfortunate mistake of proposing to him, that if he was appointed the account could be audited and paid. This roused the ire of the General, and threw him into a violent passion; he called his servants to turn 'the infernal scoundrel out of the house,' and directed one of them to go to Mr. Hanger and order him to come to him instantly. Mr. Hagner was quietly sitting in his office when he received this peremptory order, and immediately obeyed it. He found the General walking up and down the room in a violent passion, and the first salutation he met with was-'Give me your hand, sir; you're an

honest man; I respect you; you did right, sir, in not passing my account I lost the vouchers. By the Eternal! to be insulted in my own house!' Of course all this was Greek to Mr. Hag-

ner. The affair had happened many years before, and was entirely forgotten by him. It was sometime before he succeeded in quieting the General down, when he asked him what it all meant. The General then told him the circumstances, adding—'Go to your office, sir; make yourself perfectly easy; there shan't be a hair of your head touched as long as I have the honor to fill the Presidential chair."- American Historical Record.

A Curious Custom Talking the other day with the travelng salesman of a London woolen warehouseman-jobber, we should call him here—there came to light a curious custom which prevails in England in ihat line of trade. A tailor, instead of having a heavy line of stock for his customers to select from, keeps on hand, in many cases, only a full line of patterns, representing the stocks of the leading warehousemen. The customer selects from the patterns the style and make that suit at once his fancy and his of friends and public libraries, so that purse. Then, his measure having been taken and his order booked, an order goes up to the warehouseman for the of Boston, formerly Clerk to the Senate He sends it down by his porter —the whole piece—who leaves it with the tailor. The tailor cuts off what he wants, and the next day the porter looks in and carries back the piece to at \$100,000. its owners, who had it measured before it left them, and again measure it on its return, charging the tailor with the difference. Our "jobbers" have learned that a shorter way is to cut off what the tailor wants and send it to him : but this idea does not seem to have occurred to our cousins over the water, or else it is too new-fangled and simple to suit their ideas of business. Commercial Bulletin.

THE BAPTISTS .- The "Baptist Yearbook for 1873 gives the total number of Baptists in the United States at 1,633,- Queer Medical Facts.

The following paragraphs are taken from a recent lecture by Dr. Brown-

Sequard: We are indebted to the observation af a very intelligent negro, whose master was affected with a disease of the spinal cord, which produced convulsions in the lower limbs. The most intense stiffness would manifest itself in the lower limbs. They were rigid like a bar of iron for a time ; and after ten minutes of this extreme rigidity they began to have violent jerks. The jerks then disappeared and the rigidity returned. All day long the lower limbs were in this state of muscular contraction. His servant, the negro, having to dress him, found it very difficult to put on his pantaloons. One day he by chance took hold his big toe, and found as he pulled it

that the limbs became perfectly soft and movable. The convulsions had disappeared altogether. The negro certainly had a natural genius for science. He learned that whenever he wanted to push his master's pantaloons up, he had only to pull his big toe down. He succeeded every time. And as the master found the cessation of the convulsions useful at other times besides when he was dressing, the negro was asked very frequently to act on the big toe in order to effect it. seen fourteen such cases. Many of my medical friends have seen them also. A friend of mine, Dr. Waller, a most intelligent man, a man of genius, found that by pressing on the neck he could produce the most interesting physiclogical phenomens. He has succeeded in curing headaches, neuralgia of the face, and many other affections in which there was pain or great conges-tion of the head. An attack of epilepsy

some of those results, but they all thought it was from a pressure of the carotid artery.

Dr. Waller has the merit of showing that it is chiefly-he thought it was only, but I have found that it is chiefly, not only-through an irritation of that nerve, the par vagum, that the motion of the heart is arrested in those cases, and that a diminution of the beating of the heart was followed by an ameliora-tion in the circulation in the head, a pessation of an attack of epilepsy and of various other complaints. It was something, therefore, quite different from the mere pressure on the carotid artery. These views were not absolutely complete, as I have found that another nerve which goes to the blood vessels of the brain is also irritated by the pro-

cess; and that the pressure exerted in the neck produces three effects: (1) It certainly diminishes the cur ront in the carotid artery, and, indeed stops that current altogether if the syncope by acting on the par vagum; and (3) it also acts on the cervical sympathetic, and produces a contraction of the blood vessels in the head, by means of which a part of the good effect is obtained.

## Mr. Sumner's Will. A Washington telegram to the Phila

delphia Press says that in September.

1872, just before Senator Sumner left

for Europe, he wrote, in his own hand, his will, by which he bequethed all his papers, manuscripts, and letter-books to Henry W. Longfellow, Francis E: Trustees; all his books and autographs to the library of Harvard College; his bronzes to his friends of many years, Henry W. Longfellow and Dr. Samuel G. Howe. He gives to the City of Boston, for the Art Museum, his pictures "Miracle of the Slave," which he bequeaths to his friend Joshua B. Smith of Boston. To Mrs. Hannah Richmond Jacobs, the only surviving sister of his mother, he gives an annuity of \$500. There is a bequest of \$2,000 to the daughters of Henry W. Longfellow; \$2,000 to the daughters of Dr. Samuel Howe, and \$2,000 to the daughters of James T. Furness, of Philadelphia, of whom he says: "I ask them to accept in token of gratitude for the friendship their parents have shown me." The will directs that the residue of his estate shall be distributed in two equal moieties, one moiety to his sister, Mrs. Julia Hastings, of San Francisco, Cal., the other moiety to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in trust for the benefit of the college library, the income to be applied to the purchase of books. In reference to this last moiety the will adds: "This bequest is made in filial regard to the college. In selecting especially the li-brary, I am governed especially by the consideration that all my life I have been a user of books, and having few of my own, I have relied on the libraries what I do now is only a return for what freely received." Francis E. Balch, Committee on Foreign Relations, when Mr. Sumner was chairman of that committee, is designated sole executor of the will. Mr. Sumner' estate is valued

Pensions.—Georgia is the first of the States lately in rebellion to pass a law giving public money to persons who became helpless in the Confederate serreason of service rendered to the Confederate States. It was disapproved by the Governor on a technicality, there

It has been aptly suggested by an ex-

change that some one month in each

## Imaginary Terrors. Instances of the deadly influence of

fear on the minds of children are by no means infrequent. Many a little sufferer has undergone agonies in the "dark closet" that some parents make their cheice instrument of punishment, which have had an influence on the mind for life. To many children of active imaginations it is positive torture to sleep in a dark room, and they have hours of terror at night, by calling up visions and shapes of terror sugges by their reading. It is useless to scold at them, and cruel to laugh at them, for it is a part of their nature which they cannot change. Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet and philosopher, passed through untold agony from this cause. The ghost of Hamlet seemed to haunt her chamber. Milton's picture of Death at Hell-gate rose before her in the darkness. The horse with eyes of flame, in Southey's ballad of the "Old Woman of Berkley," was worse than either. She said, pitifully, "Oh, the agonies I have endured between nine and twelve at night, before mamma joined me in bed, in presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors !" Her Uncle Southey laughed heartily at her tale of suffering. Her mother scolded her for getting out of bed and going down into the parlor when she could bear the fear no longer. But her father understood the case, and directed that a lamp should be left burning, and from that time all her sufferings ceased. All

### Another of Them.

France is the lastest contributor to the Enoch Arden class of stories, and the case, which has just turned up in the Saone-et-Loire, is vouched for in every particular: A young man named Marmier, who had been married only a few months when the war broke out, joined the Mobiles of the Vosges, and was taken prisoner. On arriving in Prussia he was sentenced to several years imprisonment for striking his guard. During his captivity he wrote often to his wife, but receiving no reply concluded that his letters were not for warded or that his wife was dead. When he was taken prisoner he threw away his knapsack, which was picked up and worn by a comrade, who managed to escape, but who was subsequently killed in another engagement. The knap-sack contained the papers of Marmier, which were forwarded to his wife as the last remains of her husband. The young widow, after a few months of grief, took a second husband. Since then Marmier having obtained a pardon, was allowed to return to France, and on reaching his native cottage found it occupied by another, and child of which he was not the father. Here the drama ends for the present,

# Trades Her Son for a Dog.

About a month ago a was living in the Third ward of Milwaukee, took a fancy to a large Newfoundland dog owned by the landlady, and she offered to give one of her little boys and \$5 "to boot" for the animal. Mrs. Cooke accepted the offer, and the little Heinrich, who was about eight years of age, was transferred to his new mother, and the woman took the dog and departed well satisfied.

Thursday she returned and demand ed the little Heinrich back again. She said the dog ate too much, and she couldn't afford to keep him. But Mrs. Cook would neither take the dog nor Balch, and Edward L. Pierce, as refund the \$5, preferring to keep the Trustees; all his books and autographs boy, who had become very useful to her and loved her very much. A war of words ensued, and then a fight, but neither conquered, and they had to be parted by a policeman. Mother Cooke still keeps her little boy, and she is de-termined to do it if the law will allow The little Heinrich is indifferent her. and engravings, except the picture of as to the result, but prefers to stay with "Mamma Cooke.

The Legend of the Felt Hat. There is a legend among hatters that felt was invented by no less a personage than St. Clement, the patron saint of their trade. Wishing to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and at the same time do penance for sundry unexpected peccadilloes, the pious monk started on his journey afoot. As to whether he was afflicted with corns or kindred miseries, the ancient chronicle from which this information is derived is silent; but, at all events, a few days' successive tramping soon began to blister his feet. In order to obtain relief, it occurred to him to line his shoes with the fur of a rabbit. This he did, and, on arriving at his destination, was surprised to find that the warmth and moisture of his feet had worked the soft hair into a cloth-like mass. The idea thus suggested he elaborated in the solitude of his cell, and finally, there being no patent laws in existence in those days, he gratuitously presented to his fellow mortals the result of his genius in the shape of a felt hat.

### Fate of Modest Men. The world generally takes men at

their own apparent estimate of themselves. Honce, modest men never obtain the same consideration which bustling, forward men do. It has not time or patience to inquire rigidly, and it is vice. The bill made a donation of \$100 partly imposed upon and carried away to those who had lost both eyes by by the man who vigorously claims its regards. The world, also, never has two leading ideas about any man. There is always a remarkable unity in its conthat the act passed by a two-thirds vote, as is required by the Constitution, though in fact it did so pass. ceptions of its characters of individuals. If an historical person has been as cruel and nothing else, although he may have had many good qualities, all not equally conspicuous. If a literary man is industrious in a remarkable deyear should by general consent be set gree, the world speaks of him as only apart for the return of borrowed books and to pay the printer,

# Items of Interest.

Nothing tells so much on a man as a gossiping wife.

Three Territories are knecking at the door of the United States. A Buffalo father keeps his boy in nights by chaining him to the wall.

Loafers are to be excluded from the Legislative halls of Wisconsin. How long before these halls will be vacant?

A New York paper says that if tea is ground in a mill like coffee, it will go one-half further. You will then get it down to a fine thing. A correspondent writing from Turkey

says that the interior of Syria is over-run with plundering Arabs, who mur-der and pillage with impunity. Jenkins told his son, who proposed to buy a cow in partnership, to be sure and buy the hinder half, as it eats nothing and gives all the milk.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to.

"This summer ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty

The town of Gaskil, Jefferson county, Pa., has two men named Samuel Yoah and Geo. Road. Yoah weighs 335 pounds and Road 328, and they live only two miles apart.

Lord Oxmonton, an English peer, was just one year old the 15th of last month. No member of the House of Peers has led a more blameless and consistent life than Lord Oxmonton.

Love me, love my dog! A German woman recently walked to Windom, Minn., ten miles, after a stray dog. On her return she died from exhaustion, and was found with the dog in her "I've helped bury every man that ever sold me a drop of liquor, except one, and I am arter him night and day," was

the cheery, good-natured remark of a temperance orator at Springfield, Mass., the other day. A Peoria young man recently conveyed to a young lady a quantity of corn in the crib, several horses, an old

lumber wagon, and some other farm property, on condition that she should ecome his wife. John Spinks, a Council Bluffs barber, mysteriously disappeared about three weeks ago, and a garment saturated with blood was found in a shed near where

he resided. It has been discovered that he went quietly to Nebraska. A colored man in New Orleans has just recovered damages and expenses incurred by him in the rescue of his daughter from slavery, to which she was reduced in 1861, after having been

emancipated. What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? You'll never guess it, Bread is a necessity, a locomotive is an invention. Now as necessity, is the mother of invent tion of a loaf to a locomotive will be

seen at once. A veteran observer says that "Old friends are like old boots. We never realize how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish perhaps, but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted."

A bill has been introduced in the California Legislature to prevent the wanton destruction of game and fish. Fish ladders are to be constructed in the rivers over every dam more than two feet in height, and the shooting of game out of season is prohibited.

The extract of taraxacum is a very efficacious but simple remedy for clearing the blood, and consequently of ridding the face of all roughness and pimples. It is best to prepare a strong decoction by boiling a quart of water in which half a cup of the ground root is placed down to a pint, adding a stick of licorice root and sugar to taste. The dose is one spoonful on going to bed four nights in the week, omitting it the other three nights to let it work in the system.

# Fish in a Hot Spring.

A correspondent writing from Eldo. Nevada, says that there are hot springs there in which numbers of fish can be seen swimming about, though the water is so hot that eggs are cooked in "less than three seconds." The explanation of this phenomenon lies in the fact that these hot springs rise in the banks of streams the water of which is intensely cold. The cold water, on account of its greater specific gravity, runs on the bottom without mixing much with the water above, and the fish keep in a cool stratum. The water above the springs showed a mean temperature of fortytwo degrees, and by means of a ther-mometer fastened to the end of a pole and kept as close to the bottom as pos-sible, the temperature of the bottom water from above the springs to a point below them was found to be very low. This stream is one of the many that form the head-waters of the Columbia River, and to this point, 1,800 miles from its mouth, the salt water salmon come in hundreds in the spring and fal

# A Big Tree in Kentucky.

Mr. George Riley, of Shelby county, cut a poplar tree on his place a short time since which measured to the fork 118 feet, and 65 feet top; the stump measured 6 feet 8 inches in diameter and twenty feet in circumference. There were in all ten cuts 104 feet in There were in all ten cuts 10; feet in length; five of these cut 765 rails, leaving sufficient for 360 more. In al., 1,126 rails, and seven loads of wood from one tree. The tree had been struck by lightning and a seam opened from top to bottom, but not in the least shattered or injured. It was also perfectly solid and sound, without spot or blemish. The four butt cuts averaged 175 rails each, and it is estimated that the whole tree would have made 35,000 shingles.